Private Tommy Atkins

SONG

WRITTEN BY

HENRY HAMILTON

COMPOSED BY

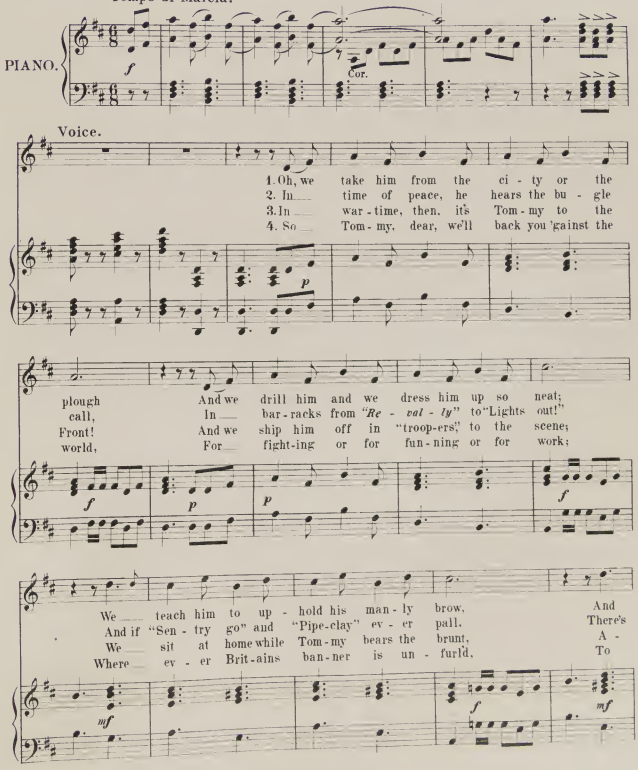
S. POTTER.

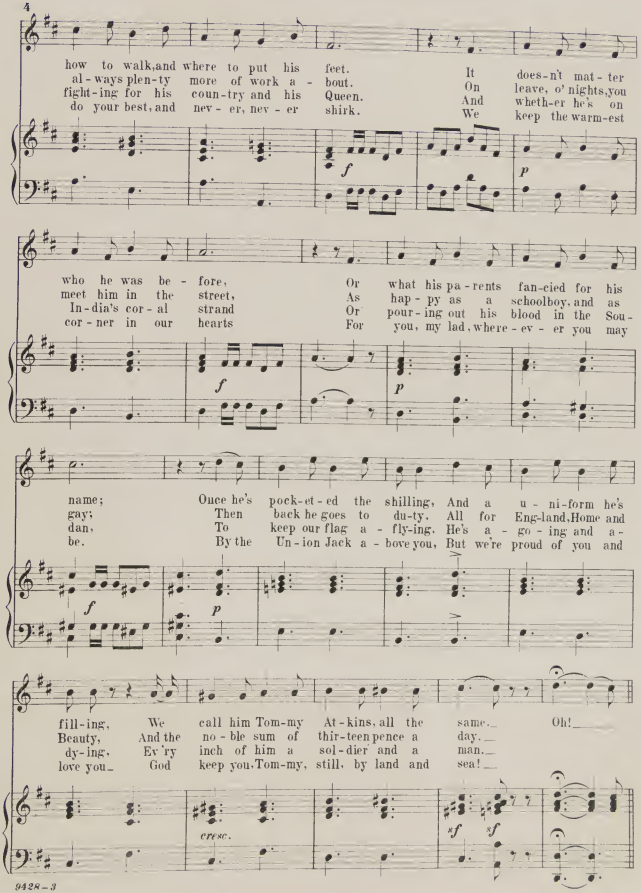
40¢

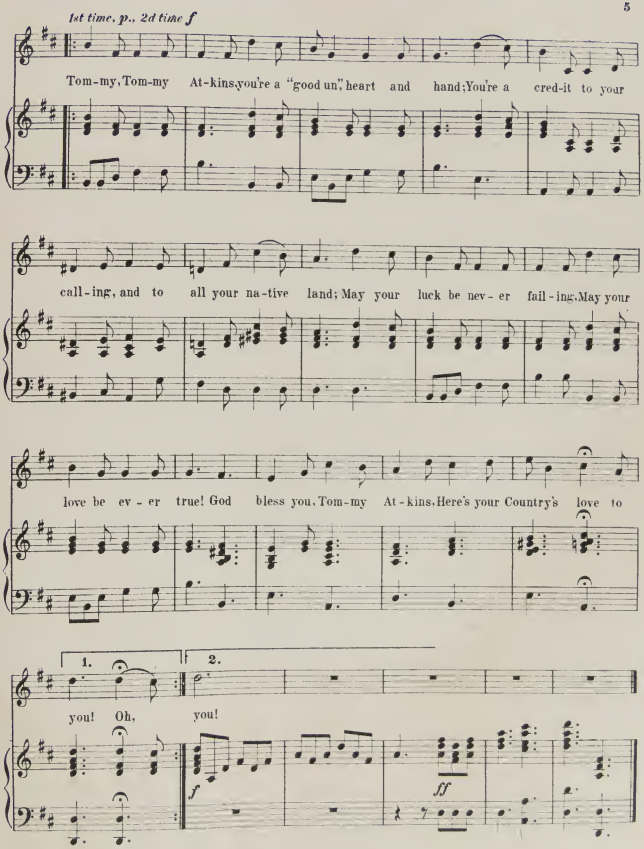
WHITE SMITH MUSIC PUB. CO.
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS.

Words by HENRY HAMILTON. *Music by S. POTTER.*

Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO.
Cor.
Voice.
1. Oh, we take him from the ci - ty or the
2. In time of peace, he hears the bu - gle
3. In war - time, then, it's Tom - my to the
4. So Tom - my, dear, we'll back you 'gainst the
plough And we drill him and we dress him up so neat;
call, In bar - racks from "Re - cal - ly" to "Lights out!"
Front! And we ship him off in "troop-ers," to the scene;
world, For fight-ing or for fun - ning or for work;
We teach him to up - hold his man - ly brow. And
And if "Sen - try go" and "Pipe-clay" ev - er pall, There's
We sit at home while Tom - my bears the brunt, A -
Where ev - er Brit - ains ban - ner is un - furl'd, To


how to walk, and where to put his feet.
al-ways plen-ty more of work a-bout.
fight-ing for his coun-try and his Queen.
do your best, and nev-er, nev-er shirk.
It does-n't mat-ter
On leave, o' nights, you
And wheth-er he's on
We keep the warm-est
f
p
who he was be-fore,
meet him in the street,
In-dia's cor-al strand
cor-ner in our hearts
Or what his pa-rents fan-cied for his
As hap-py as a schoolboy, and as
Or pour-ing out his blood in the Sou-
For you, my lad, where-ev-er you may
f
p
name;
gay;
dan,
be.
Once he's pock-et-ed the shilling, And a u-ni-form he's
Then back he goes to du-ty, All for Eng-land, Home and
To keep our flag a-fly-ing. He's a-go-ing and a-
By the Un-ion Jack a-bove you, But we're proud of you and
f
p
fill-ing, We call him Tom-my At-kins, all the same. Oh!
Beauty, And the no-ble sum of thir-teen pence a day.
dy-ing, Ev'ry inch of him a sol-dier and a man.
love you. God keep you, Tom-my, still, by land and sea!
cresc.
sf
sf


1st time, p., 2d time f
Tom-my, Tom-my At-kins, you're a "good un", heart and hand; You're a cred-it to your
call-ing, and to all your na-tive land; May your luck be nev-er fail-ing, May your
love be ev-er true! God bless you, Tom-my At-kins, Here's your Country's love to
1.
2.
you! Oh, you!
f
ff

Rudyard Kipling's

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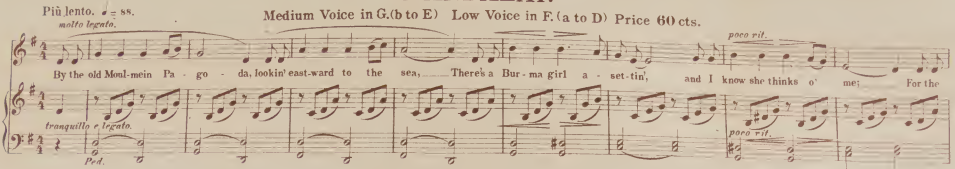
molto legato.
poco rit.
By the old Moul-mein Pa - go - da, lookin' east-ward to the sea, There's a Bur-ma girl a - set-tin', and I know she thinks o' me; For the
tranquillo e legato.
poco rit.
Ped.

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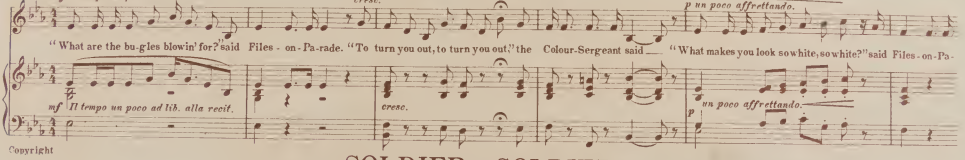
mf Il tempo un poco ad lib. alla recit.
cresc.
p un poco affrettando.
"What are the bu-gles blowin' for?" said Files - on-Pa-rade. "To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour-Sergeant said. "What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Pa-
mf Il tempo un poco ad lib. alla recit.
cresc.
p un poco affrettando.

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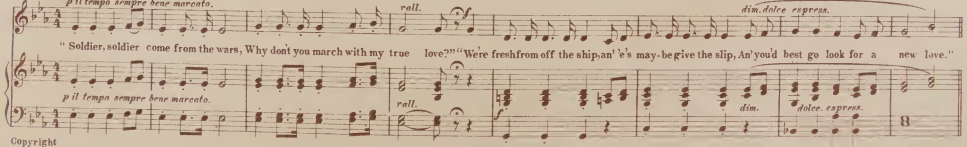
SOLDIER, SOLDIER.

Andante. ♩ = 92. Medium Voice in F. (c to C) Low Voice in E♭. (b to B) Price 60 cts.

p il tempo sempre bene marcato.
rall.
dim. dolce espress.
"Soldier, soldier come from the wars, Why don't you march with my true love?" "We're fresh from off the ship, an' 'e's may-be give the slip, An' you'd best go look for a new love."
p il tempo sempre bene marcato.
rall.
dim.
dolce. espress.

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